

dress "like other girls" does wrong. Her child has a right to her own share of self-denial in this direction, and in the less material sacrifices as well. The daughter should share the advantages of leisure, of music, of travel. How much easier for the mother to relinquish all claim to these, rather than to take a portion of them! But unselfishness is sinful when it makes a daughter self-absorbed, vain, or thoughtless. It is quite possible to pay too high a price for culture, or even education.

#### What One Child Did

Ram's Horn.

A little girl in Dublin has thought of a bright plan for doing good. She has suggested that every child in the United Kingdom named Dorothy, which is her own pretty name, of course, shall contribute one shilling toward the establishment of a child's bed in a certain hospital. This suggestion has already met with enthusiasm by many children, and the "Dorothy fund" will probably be more than enough for the purpose intended. The proposal of this little girl has awakened interest in other children also, and "Mary" and "Marjorie" collections have also been started, with indications of future success. This is a good thought and worthy of attention, and the little girl who first proposed it has doubtless started a plan that will be far reaching in its results.

#### Pure Reading

The Mother's Magazine.

The taste for pure reading cannot be too early cultivated. The careful selection of books for the young and a watchful supervision over their reading matter, cannot be too strenuously impressed upon parents and teachers. Books are to the young, either a savor of life unto life, or death unto death; either contaminating or purifying, weakening or strengthening to the mind of the reader.

If the first aim of a public school system is to make men better workers, the second should be to make them thinkers, and to accomplish this, young minds must be brought into correspondence with the thoughts and works of the great men of the past and of today.

Nine tenths of what they have learned, as Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry and Geography, will pass away as the cares of life come upon them. But the taste for pure reading, when acquired, will never pass away, it will be of use every day and almost every hour, they will find it a refuge and a solace in the time of adversity, and be happy when others are sad, it will spread from the father to the third and fourth generation.

#### Hungry Ants Build a Bridge

Christian Advocate.

Something new and interesting about ants was learned by a Mount Airy florist and told to a "Philadelphia Record" reporter. For a week or so he had been bothered by the ants that got into boxes of seeds, which rested on a shelf. To get rid of the ants he put

into execution an old plan, which was to place a meaty bone close by, which the ants soon covered, every one deserting the boxes of seeds. As soon as the bone would become thickly inhabited by the little creepers the florist tossed it into a tub of water. The ants having been washed off, the bone was put in use as a trap again.

Then the florist bethought himself that he would save trouble by placing the bone in the center of a sheet of fly paper, believing that the ants would never get to the bone, but would get caught on the sticky fly paper while trying to reach the food. But the florist was surprised to find that the ants, upon discovering the nature of the paper trap, formed a working force and built a path on the paper clear to the bone. The material for the walk was sand, secured from a little pile near by. For hours the ants worked, and when the path was completed they made their way over its dry surface in couples, as in a march, to the bone.

#### When Mother is "Cross"

Philadelphia Record.

It is the worst of waste—that of getting cross—for it means waste of strength and waste of nerve force and waste of influence over the children. At no time in her busy days is an intelligent mother so apt to close the eyes of material justice as when she is cross—simply and undoubtedly cross.

This state of "crossness" is chiefly caused by fatigue, weariness of body and mind, and sometimes of soul. With tired nerves and weary body she cannot endure the common demands made upon her, and ill-temper follows. She sows bitter feelings and repels loving attentions with her irritable, hasty words. Broadly speaking, no mother has any right to get so tired. She cannot afford it. It takes too much out of her life, and out of her children's lives. Such a condition can more frequently be prevented than is generally believed.

The careless or shallow woman says: "I was over worked. It made me cross," and she considers that the sufficient reason and excuse for any amount of similar indulgence. The sympathetic woman worries over it, sheds bitter tears over it, and then the trouble repeats itself.

The remedy lies close at hand. Let the mother find out what makes her cross, and then let her avoid the cause. If social pleasures weary her let them be decidedly lessened; much cooking or too much household cares, lessen them. If economical efforts cause the severe strain, stop economizing at such a cost. Let the first economy be of that precious commodity, mother's strength, and it will prove most profitable in the long run, even tho' it may seem to necessitate unnecessary waste in some other direction.

Out of suffering comes the serious mind; out of salvation, the grateful heart; out of endurance, fortitude; out of deliverance, faith.—*Ruskin.*

## Sisters' Society C. E.

### A Word With Jesus

A word with Jesus, when the soul  
Is overborne with grief and care,  
Will make the broken-hearted whole,  
And lift the burden of despair.

A word with Jesus, when the way  
Is rough and cumbered, and the feet  
Drag slowly on, will make the day  
In his dear smile serene and sweet.

A word with Jesus, when the night  
Falls starless o'er the weary head,  
Will fill the clouded skies with light,  
And send us onward comforted.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

### From the Field

The fourth on the list of Iowa churches was Garrison, where I stopped two nights. At the close of the afternoon S. S. C. E. meeting one of the sisters brought forth her camera and told us to sit still and keep our lips closed. They obeyed implicitly, tho a few of them are most energetic workers that don't know what it is to sit with folded hands in the church life. Two of these took \$5 00 pledges which the treasurer will report. The offering, tho but little over two dollars, was in keeping with the size of the audience. Sister Flora preaches here every four weeks, and this being her week she came in time to be with us in our meeting Friday night. Real early the next morning Brother and Sister Urice took me fourteen miles to another railroad town, a place where much home mission work is needed.

After reaching Montour I noticed oddly dressed Indians—squaws, children and whole families—coming in big wagons and visiting the stores. My interest being awakened, the kind hearts of Brother and Sister Hall proposed a drive to the Indian camps. This is about half way between Tanna City and Montour and consists of 3,000 acres of land belonging to this tribe alone. They are also provided with a good school, but so many of them are like a few of our fairer race of young people, they are not willing to put forth extra effort, or make a little sacrifice for an education, tho every inducement is offered them. It is such a strange life these Indians live in their wigwams. We found most of them lounging listlessly and lazily on the outside, but their cooking is done in the inside, over an open fire on the ground floor. Their bread is somewhat different from ours, in appearance at least—queer, greasy looking cakes, and in taste—well, I wasn't brave enough to test it. They are very shy and will not talk to strangers unless they feel your interest in them is real. They soon became very friendly and one large tall Indian, rather more intelligent than the rest, conversed quite freely with us. Sister Hall asked him what he thought of the "hereafter." His face grew quite serious when he answered, "I no believe in your God." Then pointing in the direction of the setting sun, he said, "When Indians die, go there, live in houses like these." Then pointing to an opposite direction, he said, "White people go there."